MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

DR. JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson XI of the International Series for Sunday, Sept. 12—Golden Text: "He Will Guide You Into All Truth"—John XVI, 5-20.

We have the New Testament and the history of the Christian Church, but we must remember the disciples had not. They had given up all for Christ. To find him gone, themselves alone and hated because of him (vs. 1, 2) might well make them doubt all he had taught them, or stumble. Hence our lesson was taught them (v. 1, Revision), "that ye should not be made to stumble." If on the other hand they could only remember and understand his words they would be all the stronger. "This is just what he told us; he is the faithful witness," they would say. So he says (v. 4), these things have I," etc. But how could they be made to remember and understand? The answer to that question we are now to get, and it is to be studied in the light of these facts. Let us put ourselves in the place of this little company and try to imagine their feelings, and we shall the better see the meaning.

I. Their situation (vs. 5-7). Jesus was going his way to him that sent him. He came from God and went to God. He was to go back when his work on earth was done, and it was soon to be "finished." "None of you," says he, "asks me, Whither goest thou?" This seems to contradict John xiii, 36, but only "seems." Reverting to the explanation given of that passage, it is seen that Peter was speaking of some place on earth, in Judea, to which he thought Jesus going. But Jesus is speaking here of going from earth and to be glorified in heaven, and none of them took in the idea clearly enough to ask about his destination and work when he left the earth. His meaning is, "You do not take in the great crisis, and what I am to effect after going away." They were not unnaturally dwelling with sorrow on their loss, and not thinking of the great gain that would come from His glorification in other forms. They were in this just what we are. God takes away known blessings, and we are filled with sorrow and brood on our loss, when we should think of what we shall gain in other ways through the loss, in graces, in experience and in fresh forms of help from God's hand.

He is telling them the truth: It was "expedient," fit, proper, a part of the divine plan, a necessary part, that He should go away. Why "expedient?" (1) He was to sit at God's right hand (Ps. cx, 1). (2) His ascension was to be the proof of God's being satisfied with His work (Acts ii, 30, 31). (3) The divine order was, first let law be satisfied, then this great gift of the Spirit may be given to "even the rebellious" (Ps. lxviii, 18). (4) It is needful that the church, the believers, should walk by faith, not by sight. No. 5 is the great reason Christ here dwells upon. "If I depart, I will send Him unto you." How much they needed to have all this made plain the latter history shows. They counted all at an end when they saw Him buried. You do not find one of them saying, "Now, brethren, let us look for the Comforter," till Jesus came and told them what to do. (See Luke xxiv, 49, and Acts i, 4, 5.

II. What the Comforter was to do (v. 8-15). The word in Greek is that which we make Paraclete. It may mean also advocate. It represents one who explains, vindicates and so gives relief. Hence the word "reprove," or as it is better in the revision, "convict." The world, i. e., the men and women now in "the world," that is, not in Christ, not believing, have to be convicted of sin. So it is with all men naturally. "I am not a sinner; I am as good as others; there is an excuse for any little wrong thing I did; I can make all right and turn round when I please." So they reason. They only say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," when the spirit has shown them God's law, character, claims and their own badness. Especially (v. 9 have such to be shown their guilt in not believing in Jesus. This is to all who hear the gospel the sin of sins. This was the crowning sin of the Jews. Christ was rejected. But when sensible of sin the question is, What can we do? How can we get righteousness? And the first idea is, work it out. Stop sinning. Watch yourself. Do good. And, so influenced, men often go on and say, work righteousness by punishing yourself. First, go without sleep, clothes, homes, live in caves and dens, go into monasteries, and so lay up righteousness. But the Spirit shows that that is not the kind of righteousness needed. It is not perfect; it is not righteousness at all, and even if it were, it is needed for the present, and does not cancel the past. The Spirit shows that *the* righteousness—which is perfect—is Christ's, done and finished on the earth. That is the meaning of v. 10, which explains what is said in v. 8.

But one may say, How can this righteousness, of another, do us any good? That is where "judgment" comes in. He is not speaking of the great and general judgment. See the Revision on v. 11. It is a thing then past, i. e., when the Comforter is doing his work, "the prince of this world hath been judged." Put it thus: Satan could say of men, "They belong to me, they sinned, they are my servants, not God's. They have no claim to heaven. They are to be with me." His case was good so far. They were debtors, criminals, and justice demanded punishment. But Jesus came, paid the debt, bore the guilt and destroyed this plea, secured "judgment" against Satan. So God is "just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth." This is the substance of the gospel system, and men need the Holy Ghost to convict them of all this. Hence the need of prayer for the Holy Spirit. It is a remarkable thing that the bitterest foes of Christianity own the personal goodness, righteousness of Jesus.)

When (v. 12), he says, "I have many..... but ye cannot bear them now," he is not speaking of more trouble on them, but of their inability to understand him then. The history of the disciples after his death, and before the Spirit came shows the truth of that. But

(V. 13) they would be guided into all truth; the Spirit would not speak of himself. He is a person, a divine person; but as in the plan of salvation Jesus forgets self for us, so the Holy Spirit leaves much about himself and about his ways of working (John iii, 8) in mystery, that he may reveal the things of Christ and show things to come, their duty, their position, their privileges and their prospects.

So (v. 14) He glorifies Christ, makes men understand His real dignity and honor and mighty saving work. Then they see that He is not only a matchless teacher and a holy man, not only rounding mind and giving men a new ideal, but saving them by satisfying law, making atonement, taking the plea out of Satan's mouth, and enabling saints to say, "Who is He that condemneth?" (Rom. viii, 34).

And this is not honoring the Son too much, and forgetting God the Father as it were, for (v. 15) "all things that the Father hath," etc. Could any mere creature say this truly?

III. Their perplexity. Jesus said, "Ye cannot bear," etc., v. 12. They prove that without meaning it. Now they take in what Peter did not in xiii, 36, that he is not speaking of going somewhere else on earth, but of going to the Father in a "little while." He tells them as much as they can bear. It will be sorrow in the first instance, and "the world will rejoice;" men will think, "now we have got rid of this troubler," but joy afterwards; darkness first, but light afterwards. We shall see the meaning of this as we proceed with the history of the crucifixion, the resurrection and ascension, and the scenes of Pentecost.

From this lesson we may see:

(1.) How slow man is to learn spiritual things, and hence we need "line upon line," books, lessons, teachers, classes, sermons, afflictions and with and after all the Holy Spirit. How sin has blinded the mind and deadened the heart! (Eph. ii, 1.)

(2.) How complete is the provision God has made for man! The Son stands for us; dies for us. But man does not understand, and so the Spirit—the Comforter—is given.

(3) We see why "we preach Christ." God the Father speaks in his works and in men's conscience and Christ is his image. The best way to make men know the Father is to preach Christ. Nor do we preach the Holy Ghost. The best way to lead men to seek him is to lift up Christ. He sends this gift and the Spirit in turn bears witness to him.

(4) So the way of life gives honor to the three persons in the one God. God gives the Son; the Son humbles himself and dies in our nature; the Holy Ghost, given from the Father and the Son, reveals him and his fullness to men. So all believers will give glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.—The Sunday School World.

THE SCORPIONS OF MEXICO.

Habits of a Common Pest—Effects of the Sting—A Happy Family.

One of the most common pests in Mexico are the alcarans, or scorpions, for during certain seasons of the year they are as numerous as flies around a sugar-house. They are within the cracks of the wall, between the bricks of tiles of the floor, hiding inside your garments, darting everywhere with inconceivable rapidity, their tails (the "business end" which holds the sting) ready to fly up with dangerous effect upon the slightest provocation. Turn up a corner of the rug or tablespread, and you disturb a flourishing colony of them; shake your shoes in the morning, and out they flop; throw your bath sponge into the water, and half a dozen of them dart out of its cool depths into which they had wriggled for a siesta; in short, every article you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—"to be well shaken before taken."

The average scorpion is mahogany-hued, and about two inches long; but I have seen them as long as five inches. The small, yellowish variety are considered most dangerous, and their bite is most apprehended at midday. In Durango they are black and so alarmingly numerous—having been allowed to breed for centuries in the deserted mines—that the government offers a reward per head (or, rather, per tail) to whoever will kill them. Their sting is seldom fatal, but is more or less severe according to the state of the system. Victims have been known to remain for days in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, with stomach swelled as in dropsy; while others do not suffer much more than from a bee sting. The common remedies are brandy, taken in sufficient quantities to stupefy the patient, ammonia, administered both externally and internally, boiled silk and guaiacum. It is also of use to press a large key, or other tube, on the wound to force out part of the poison.

As most of my readers are aware, this species of insect—a genus of Arachnidia, of the order Pulmonaria—are distinguished from other spiders by having the abdomen articulated, with a sharp, curved spur at the extremity, beneath which are two pores from which the venom flows, supplied by two poison-glands at the base of the segment. The anterior pair of feet, or palpi, are modified into pincers or claws, like those of the lobster, by which it seizes its prey, while the other feet resemble those of ordinary spiders. Naturalists divide the genus into sub-genera, according to the number of their eyes, whether six, eight or twelve. They eat the eggs of spiders and also feed on beetles and other insects, piercing the prey with their stingers again and again before beginning the meal. When alarmed or irritated a scorpion "shows fight" immediately, running about and waving his sting in all directions, for attack or defence, evidently aware of its power.

The young scorpions are produced at astonishingly frequent intervals, the mother displaying far greater regard for her offspring than their vicious nature seems to justify. During their brief infancy she carries them about clinging in great numbers to her back, limbs and tail, never leaving her retreat for a moment, unless, overburdened by their weight, her hold relaxes from the wall and down falls the whole happy family in a wad. The ungrateful children generally reward the maternal devotion by destroying the mother as soon as they are old enough, tearing her piecemeal with the greatest ferocity.

Betsy and I amuse ourselves by studying their habits, and have become expert in catching them by the tail with lassos of thread, afterward suspending them in bottles of alcohol to send to microscopically inclined friends. Happening to be out of alcohol one day, we put a captured scorpion into an empty bottle. Remembering it a week later, we went to look, when lo! where one had been were now fifty-seven; but whether it was only the mother and her children, or if the original scorpion had arrived at the dignity of a great-grandparent in that length of time, was food for conjecture. Happily this rapidity of increase is offset by their bitter enmity toward all others of their kind, and the perpetual warfare they wage upon one another thins their ranks more than any other cause. Scorpions are said to harbor an especial spite against brunettes and to leave blonde people comparatively unmolested. The Indians eat them, after pulling out the sting—a "crunchy" sort of morceau, as delightful, no doubt, to them, as are snails, frogs, crabs and similar delicacies to American appetites.—Fannie B. Ward in Boston Transcript.

AFTER THE WAR.

It was a clear, cold afternoon, such as we are wont to have in New York in mid-winter. If the old English saw keeps its teeth in our New England civilization, this Christmas would make a lean churchyard, for although the brilliant shop windows were smartly decked with green, the streets and the roofs were white with snow. There had been a heavy fall the night before, and the moist flakes had heaped themselves into a soft and fleecy cushion a foot thick; then in the morning had come a sharp frost, freezing out the water from the snow-banks cast up by the plows of the street car companies, and by the individual efforts of the householders. And now it was Christmas Eve, and the hurrying multitudes, anxious or joyous, happy or gloomy, some expanding under the glow of the merry season, some shutting themselves only the tighter in their shells—all tramped up and down Broadway, crunching the hard, dry crystals beneath their feet, and shaking from their heads the continuous hail of tiny particles which blew from every housetop.

Amid this throng of men and women buying the final, forgotten Christmas gifts, and hurrying home for the Christmas rejoicing and rest, walked Alfred Rollinston, so deeply absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not see the people as they passed him. He was thinking of the letter he had written two days before. He had asked for an immediate answer; the mail should be in New York by this time; and in a few minutes more that answer ought to be in his hands. He could hardly doubt what it would be—yet he hoped faintly that it might not be what he expected. The hope, vague and slight as it was, made him a little less unwilling to get the answer and know the worst at once. His letter had been written to Susan Hallett, to whom he had been engaged for years; and it was to ask her to meet him two days hence, that they might be married without further delay; and he was hoping feebly that her answer would reveal some just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in matrimony.

It was the breaking out of the war which first parted them. He was only 14 years old, but he went to the front with the first company from the cape, and as a drummer-boy he saw four years' hard fighting with the Army of the Potomac. In all those years he was able to get home only once to see her and to see his mother. Just before his brigade left Appomattox to take part in the final grand review of the armies of the Union, there came to him a letter from her, with deep edges of black, telling him of his mother's sudden death, but saying nothing of the loving care and comforting service which she had lavished on that mother, left alone while he was doing his duty in the sharp tussle of war. What kindness there was in the simple words of that letter! He recalled every sentence of it, though it was eighteen years since he had read it. All his recollections of her in the days of her youth were gracious and tender, and as his mind went along old tracks of thought, and as his memory gave up numberless instances of her womanly goodness, his heart smote him, and he reproached himself; he even wondered at himself, and he dimly dreaded the day when she should discover the change in him.

His rapid walk up Broadway brought him to to the intersection of Broadway and Fifth avenue at Twenty-third street. He crossed the street and entered the Fifth avenue hotel. As he stood before the counter of the office, the clerk nodded to him in cheerful recognition, and said:

"I do not know whether the ladies are in yet, Mr. Rollinston, but I can send your card up."

Alfred Rollinston flushed to the temples, as a man may do when he discovers suddenly that another has noticed what he supposed he had kept close.

"Thank you," he said with an imperceptible effort, "but I can not pay any visits this afternoon. I came to see if you had a letter for me. I'm expecting one by the afternoon mail—and I asked to have it addressed here, as I may dine here before I leave the city to-night."

The impassive but observant clerk glanced at a handful of letters and said, "There is nothing for you here, Mr. Rollinston."

"There is perhaps hardly time for it just yet," replied Rollinston as he turned away. He drew a long breath of relief, like a man reprieved.

As he walked out of the hotel, and across the broad avenue to Madison square, he wondered how the clerk had come to notice his visits to the hotel. Surely they had not been enough to excite remark. Once in the square, he turned and gazed up at the windows of one of its apartments. But in the dusk of the twilight there was nothing to be seen at these windows, the shades of which had not yet been lowered. Alfred Rollinston turned abruptly and began to walk up Fifth avenue. With approaching night the air seemed more chill, and he fastened another button of his overcoat. Suddenly, from the tall mast in the center of Madison square, there flashed out the electric light, etching on the white grass-plots the bare limbs of the ice-clad trees as sharply as though they were bitten in by a pungent acid. Up and down Fifth avenue the sidewalks were illumined by the blue glare of the electric light as it fell from the high posts at the street corners. Its azure radiance and the jingling of the distant car-bells recalled the moonlight sleighrides and the other frolics of the little Cape Cod town, the winter after the war, when Alfred Rollinston was petted by all the old folks and allowed to do as he liked. He wondered now how it was that he did not then see that Susan Hallett loved him. It was not until two years later that he found out he loved her. It was in the spring of '68, when he was just 21, that he became conscious, all at once, that his heart was not his own, but hers. He recalled all doubts and hesitations, all the delicious self-torture of a young man in love, all the abounding joy of an unexpected proposal frankly accepted. Of course, marriage was not to be thought of till he was able to support a wife. Until then he had led a happy-go-lucky life, making out as best he might. It was understood that she was to wait for him, and that they were to be married only when he had at least begun to make his way in the world. And she was waiting yet!

At first he found it difficult to settle down. Four years of army life, good as its discipline had been in many ways, were not altogether the best training for making money. He tried one thing after another, and he staid nowhere long. He remembered his last day as an auctioneer's clerk and his first attempt as a reporter. In time, his heart began to fail him a little, and he discovered that he had not the grit to gainstand burly misfortune. He reflected on the text, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," from which the absent-minded minister had preached the morning he was baptized; it came back to him with all the force of a prophecy from the pulpit. When he was most despondent about his future, and well-nigh ready to give up the struggle, Susan came to his rescue Not only did she cheer him with loving words, but she induced her father to get an old friend in Boston to give him another chance. It so happened that the new situation fell in with his wayward mood, and he took hold of his work in earnest. In another year or two he had an assured position. And as Alfred Rollinston reached Thirty-fourth street and began to retrace his steps, he remembered that it was on a Christmas Eve, just ten years before, that his employers had given him the increase of salary which warranted his writing to ask her to name the day. But in the four years which had nearly elapsed since their engagement, her circumstances had changed. Her father had made unfortunate investments, and his health had begun to fail. She was an only child, and she could not leave her father alone. They must wait a little longer yet.

She had a deferred hope that he father might be persuaded to move to Boston, and then the marriage might take place. But the old man clung to his native town. His little property shrank into nothing; and his health faded until he took to his bed at last. Then, after lingering two years, he died. Susan Hallett settled his affairs, paid his few debts, and collected the scant $100 which remained. Then the wedding day was fixed, after long years of waiting, and, a week before it arrived, the firm by which Rollinston was employed, failed, under the pressure of panic and long-drawn depression, and he was once more thrown on the world to begin again. She had an aunt in a little town in Ohio, and she went there and began to teach school. He started again on the search for work. And again the taint of instability in his character was made evident, and he did not prosper. So it had been for years now; whatever he turned his hand to crushed within his grasp. At last, however, it looked as though luck had changed; and Alfred Rollinston quickened his pace, and raised his head. Across the square, on a screen high above the heads of the people, was a magic-lantern advertisement, just then setting forth the best, cheapest, and quickest route to Omaha. This struck him as a good omen. Sam Sargent, the great speculator, wanted a man with a wide experience of life to take charge of the Omaha division of the Transcontinental Telegraph company, and with the new year Alfred Rollinston was to begin this new work. So he had written to Susan Hallett, asking her to marry him and to go on with him to Omaha; and he had requested her to answer him by return mail; and he was hoping against hope that there might come a refusal.

As he crossed the double street before the Fifth Avenue hotel, he looked again at the windows of one apartment. He saw it was lighted up; and as he gazed, a slight, girlish figure appeared at one of the windows and lowered the shade. For a moment her outline was visible; then all was dark, as the inner curtains had been dropped. He knew the roon and its gracious inmates, and he had been made welcome there more than once in the past few weeks. He sighed bitterly as he entered the hotel.

"Has that letter come yet?" he asked.

"Nothing for you as yet, Mr. Rollinston," answered the clerk, "But we shall have our mail in a few minutes now."

Rollinston went out again into the open air, and drew a long breath. He thought how man changes in time, and woman also. In the dreary years of waiting, he had become very different from the strippling who fell in love with Susan Hallett. She, too, had altered. He wondered if he had changed for the worse. He knew he was not good enough for her—and he caught himself wishing she were not quite so good. If she had not been flawless in character, he might have loved her longer. It was not that he resented her moral superiority exactly, though at times he could not but chafe under it. Her code of life was almost too exacting for every day use. Even as a girl, there had been a trace of rigidity in her manner. She was as gentle and as kind as any one, but as she grew older she stiffened and hardened. She had led a plain and simple life in the country, while he had enjoyed the gaieties and pleasures of the city, not always as wholesome as they might be. On the rare occasions when he was able to be with her, he began to feel ill at ease. He thought that she had seen the constraint which grew on him in her presence. With wider and diverging experience of life, they seemed to him less well-mated, and the marriage at last appeared less desirable. They had developed in different directions, and a difference of taste in the enjoyments of life may strain the affections severely. He felt the tie between them loosening, and he was conscious that they were drifting apart, although she seemed not to suspect it.

She kept all her little country ways, and she clung to these provincialisms with a strange persistency. She had the simple and natural good manners of her ancestors, but these did not always accord with the higher, artificial code Rollinston had learnt to obey. His every nerve tingled when he noted some phrase or act of hers which seemed to him a lapse from the false standard he accepted; and she was always making these lapses; he suffered at every one, and he suffered silently while waiting for them. When he saw her last, she wore her hair in a bunch of curls at the back of her head. They made her look like a "school-marm." He had told her they were old-fashioned and "western"—a term of bitter reproach in his mouth. She had colored and said nothing then, though afterward she remarked quietly that she supposed she was getting set in her ways and quite like an old maid. He remembered that she had been more thoughtful and serious afterward. It was true, though; she had lost the pliancy of youth, while he was as flexible as ever.

Then, as he thought of the past—of his boyhood, of his mother's death, of the happy courting, of her patience and tenderness—a pang of poignant self-reprorch seized him, and he wondered whether he had allowed any of his dissatisfaction to leak into his letter to her. He was afraid it was cold, and he knew it was not cordial. He had written to her as lovingly as he could, trying to keep back his weariness of the bond that bound them, and his longing to break it asunder. Would she be sharp enough to see through him? Small minds are easily suspicious, and as easily quieted, but a large mind, like hers—for she had a large and noble nature—is slow to suspect, but sure to probe to the truth when once aroused. He meant to keep his troth in good faith, to abide by the letter of the bond—the spirit was beyond his control already. He had read in some book of maxims that there are times when to act reasonably is to act like a coward. He knew it was unreasonable for them to marry now; but was he not a coward to confess this even to himself? He felt mean in his own eyes when he thought how he had hoped there might be some unforeseen obstacle to her acceptance.

Just then he was aroused from his reveries by the hoarse cries of newsboys proclaiming an extra, and announcing a horrible loss of life in a railroad accident. He bought the paper with an involuntary hope that perhaps the train which had borne his letter to her might have been destroyed; for, in that case, he would have written differently. But the extra was a catch-penny, and the trifling accident it described was in California.

Again he looked up at the windows of one apartment in the hotel; and in the room next to the one where the shades had been lowered he saw the bright glitter of a resplendent Christmas tree. Evidently the occupants of the apartment had forgotten to close the curtains. He could see the lissome figure of the graceful girl who had lowered the shade in the adjoining room. Then the door was opened, and a troop of laughing children came pouring in, dancing with delight around the one girl, who began detaching the presents. As his eyes followed her about the room he did not notice an elderly lady who approached the window and suddenly dropped the heavy curtains, shutting him out from all share in the innocent gaiety within. Rollinston started, shivered a little, and shook from his shoulders the snow which had begun to fall a few minutes before. He went over to the hotel to ask again for the letter, the only Christmas present he was likely to receive; and whether it was to be a gift of good or evil, he did not dare to consider.

"Here's your letter, Mr. Rollinston," he said.

Alfred Rollinston seized the envelope and tore it open hastely. Then he hesitated. He walked into the bar-room, drank a small glass of brandy, and took a seat in a quite corner. At last he unfolded the letter, and read it with a rapid glance.

This is what he read:

"Ever since I saw you last, Alfred, I have feared that our paths in life would part sooner or later. Your letter makes the parting certain. We have grown away from each other. I release you, I forgive you, but I shall never forget you. Go where you will, my good wishes shall go with you.

"SUSAN HALLETT."

—Brander Matthews in Belgravia.

Columbus' "Favorite" Birthplace.

Calvi in Corsica has been making a great to-do about setting up a tablet to commemorate the birth of Columbus within its limits. Unfortunately, as one historian has remarked, Christopher's favorite birthplace was Genoa; at all events, he seems to have been born there more frequently than anywhere else, so Calvi has a bad lookout in this direction. It certainly can not rival the tablet let into the wall of a house at Cogoleto, sixteen miles from Genoa, so far as grandiloquence is concerned: "Stop, traveler! Here Columbus first saw the light. This too strait house is the house of a man greater than the world. There has been but one world. 'Let there be two,' said Columbus, and two there were."—Chicago Herald.

His Image in Snow.

Michael Angelo's statue in snow, carved to gratify the whim of a capricious patron, is instanced by Lawrence Barrett as the representative of the actor's art. "The sculptor and the architect, the painter and the poet live in their works which endure after them; the actor's work dies when he dies. He carves his image in snow."—Exchange.

The Rubber Turtle.

A turtle of the species popularly known as "rubber turtle" in southern latitudes, where its home is, was captured off the Massachusetts coast recently. It was twelve feet long, and, when it was landed, a tent was erected over it and a big business done.—Chicago Herald.

Disparage and depreciate no one; an insect has feeling, and an atom a shadow. —Fuller.

A WISH.

FOR A LITTLE BOY.

Touched with the mystic chrism of unseen hands,
Girt round with hope as with the light of day,
May he go forth to walk his future way
Across the ripening gold of fruitful lands,
Unto the shore of perfect silver sands,
Where Time shall falter, crumble, and decay;
And all the air shall tremble with the spray
Of waves eternal breaking on the strands.

There may he lay his burden down and rest;
There may his Winter dawn again to Spring;
And while the sun goes down the crimson west,
And day shall glide away on wistful wing,
Eternal love float o'er the purple breast
Of that eternal sea, and crown him king.

—W. J. Henderson.

ARABIAN TRIBAL LIFE.

What a Traveler Saw Near Sidon, in Syria—A Pleasant Visit.

The Ghawarinch at this season live in huts made of rush matting; for sides, roof and floor. These villages of cane are generally near the marsh. The winter houses of stone are nearer the hills. One of the summer encampments presents a lively scene. Your correspondent rode ahead of his party on the way up from the sea of Tiberias, on the lookout for a good camping-place for Sunday. After galloping several miles along the level-beaten track he saw a troop of about a score of men, each with a long spear. They were behaving like a lot of schoolboys let out of school, on their way home. I rode up near enough to study their behavior a little, with no intention of intruding, however; as I came in sight the whole troop halted, drew up in military array and awaited me. As I rode up I found them a rude-looking company, but with a merry look in their eyes. They received my greeting cordially, almost hilariously, and closed up around me. Their long spears I took to be fishing-spears at first, which caused them some amusement. These spears are long, ugly-looking weapons, and are carried merely for defense. These men were laborers returning from the field. In a mock heroic fashion one of them handed me a spear and showed me how to shoulder it. They proposed to escort me into the village in the military fashion. They were curious concerning all the details of my saddle and equipments, and especially my field-glass and compass. They were certainly the most unsophisticated human beings I ever met. They were all Moslems, and were amused at my pronunciation of the firs surat or chapter of the Koran. They could not imagine why I was traveling alone and seemingly unarmed. When I told them that my camp was coming behind, they volunteered to show me the best place to camp and to furnish food.

As we neared the village we saw a motley array of life. Hundreds of cattle, buffaloes, sheep, goats, camels and horses were returning from their pastures to the camp. Dogs were barking; young calves were cutting up all sorts of capers; young men were racing horses over the level sward and bringing them short up; children were running about; women in bright dresses were churning by means of a goat-skin suspended by means of two upright poles or else were performing other household duties. A flock of ewes were tied up in a long row half on each side standing facing each other and secured by a long rope which fastened their necks together, and women were milking them from behind. The men of the camp were mostly idle and smoking long pipes, although during the day we saw many men plowing.

We passed a pleasant Sunday with those people and found them kind and orderly neighbors, and whatever eatables they had were at our disposal. The time will come when this fertile plain will yield an enormous crop. The Jordan descends 700 feet from the lake of Huleh to Tiberias in less than ten miles. The whole marsh can be drained, and the innumerable streams of water which burst out all around the plain will enable the farmer to cultivate the soil the year round.—Syria Cor. Hartford Courant.

Fuel of the Mennonites.

After supper I went out to see the method of preparing fuel for the winter use. In the first place a large spot is cleared of grass and rubbish, and upon this is carried hay and refuse from the sheep pens. This is spread evenly over the cleared spot to the depth of a foot. Then a large roller is run over it after a rain, thus forming a solid mass, which is cut into square blocks of suitable size for burning and corded up in small piles to dry, after which it is put up in long ricks ready for winter use.

In the winter the horrible stench of the burning compost is avoided by an outdoor furnace, which is built into the walls of the house and communicates with hollow spaces in the walls, thus allowing the heat to pass entirely around the room, keeping it at an unpleasantly warm temperature, as my friend the doctor informed me.—Dakota Cor. Pioneer Press.

Why the Doctor Was Discharged.

Doctor (to wife of patient)—Poor Stubbs! He was such a nice fellow. And so you've come to tell me he's dead, eh?"

Mrs. Stubbs—Oh, dear no; he's not dead. Why, he's up and around and declares he feels as well as ever. Why, doctor, what's the matter!"

Doctor—Nothing, Mrs. Stubbs, nothing. Pardon my emotion, but this is the second patient who has played that trick on me this week.—Tid-Bits.

The monks of Altotting, in Bavaria, have in their keeping the hearts of a long line of kings. The hearts are in silver urns.

The man who is always looking for trouble is disappointed if he does not come to grief.—New Orleans Picayune.